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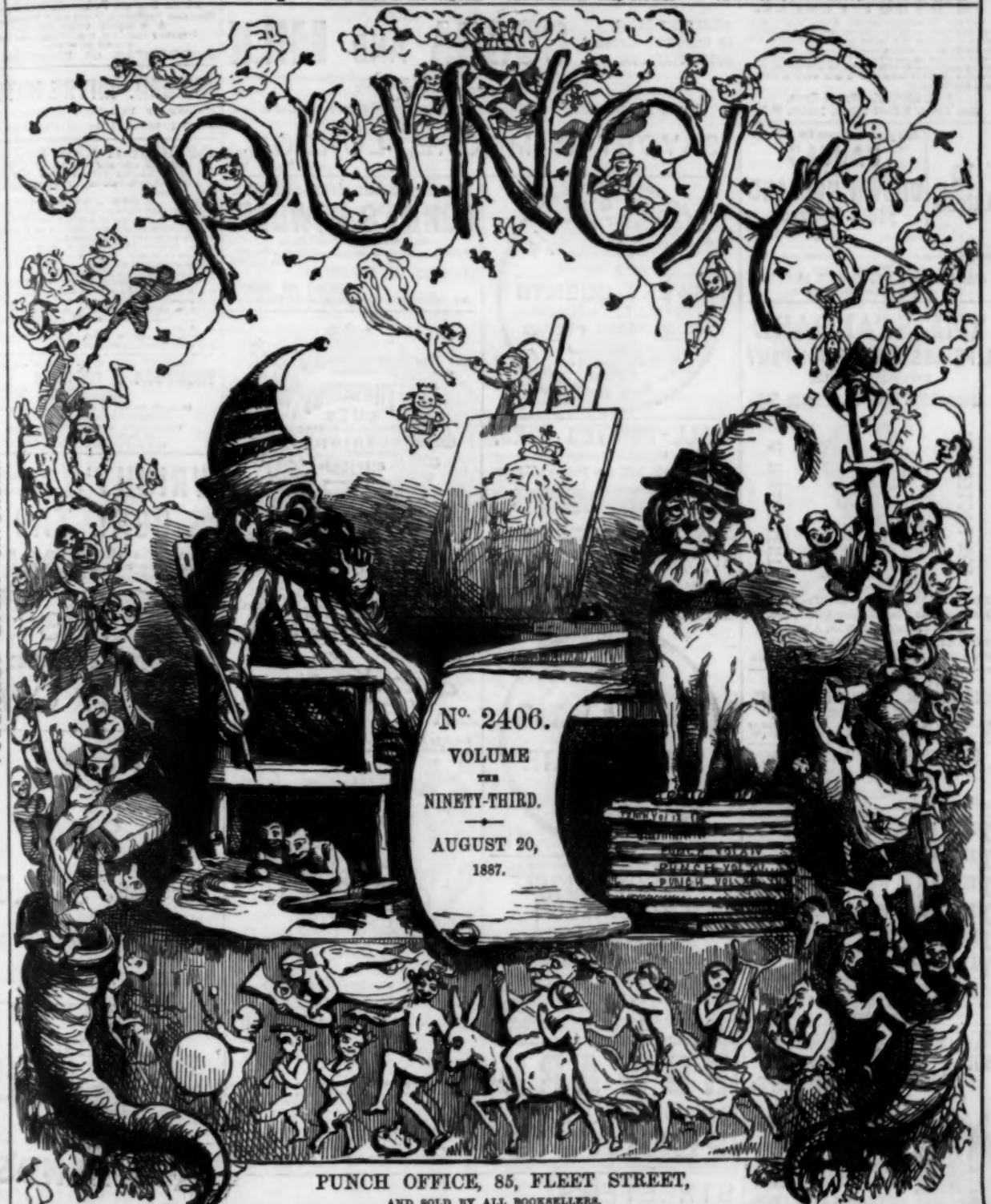
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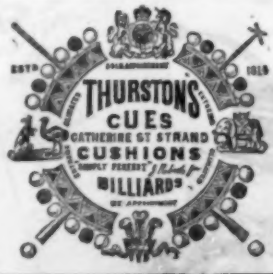
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THE PLEASANT TRAVELLER'S CONVERSATION-BOOK.

(To be translated into French, German, and Italian, for the benefit of Foreigners.)

In the Train.



Continental Railways are disgracefully mismanaged.

This train does not travel at anything like the rate of our expresses.

The "Flying Scotchman" travels at 50, 100, or 150 (*according to fancy*) miles the hour.

I object to smoking; also wish all the windows to be opened or closed (*as the case may be*).

The foreign *buffet* does not equal our refreshment-rooms.

A plate of soup, half a roast fowl, and mashed potatoes cannot compare with what we call in England a "ham sandwich."

I object to the lamp being shaded, or insist upon the lamp being shaded (*according to pleasure*).

Why are we stopping here? Why are we not stopping here?

It is disgraceful that we should stop here. It is disgraceful that we should not stop here.

If this occurs again, I shall write to the papers.

At the Station.

Why must I go here? Why may I not go here?

I insist upon going where I please.

I refuse to answer, as an impertinent question, "what I have to declare."

I object to opening that trunk, that portmanteau, and that hat-box.

It is insolent to accuse me of smuggling. Where is the Chief of Police?

Have there been any orders to treat my luggage in this manner?

I complain that, as you have passed my boxes without examination, that I should have ever been asked for my keys.

I will not take this omnibus, nor this fly, nor this cart.

I do not want to patronise any hotel.

Why do you not put my luggage on that carriage?

I had a right to say I would take no conveyance—as a matter of fact, I knew I should be swindled.

Now do make haste, and do what I ask, or I shall report you to the Station Master.

No, I shall give you nothing—it is contrary to the Bye-laws in England.

At the Hotel.

I object to this room, because it is on the ground, first, or upper floors (*according to taste*).

I do not like the price paid for the *table d'hôte*.

I object to the bed-curtains—why are there no bed-curtains?

I will not pay for *service*—*service* should be charged.

Your prices are extortionate. I shall be careful to warn all my friends against coming to this hotel.

Don't be impertinent.

En Route.

This scenery is disappointing.

The water-fall is over-rated and the ruin a fraud.

I will not take off my wide-awake in this Cathedral.

Why cannot I look at the altar during the celebration of Service?

I have seen much better things in a ninth-rate town in England than I find in this Museum.

I consider the whole tour not worth the candle.

It is infamous that I should have been induced by false pretences to come abroad.

You can easily imagine how I must be missed at home.

Land Measure.

[Mr. Jesse Collings supports the Government Allotments Bill, although it only holds forth a prospect of one acre, and no cow.]

Jesse content with Salisbury's gift? How odd!
One acre only, and of cows a lack!
Pooh! Jesse takes this "acre" as a "rod"—
For faithless Gladstone's back.

The Question of the Hour.—The Government have been given a good inch (of coercive power). Will they take a (National) League?

WELSH FOR THE WELSH.

Mr. Punch by some accident was unable to be present at the "Eisteddfod Genhedlaethol y Cymry," and therefore could not take part in the competitions at the Albert Hall. For the sake of the other bards he is glad, as he feels sure that had he sung his own little composition he would have been hailed at once "*Pencerd Gwalia*," "*Mynorydd*" and "*Owen Dyfed*," rolled into one. However, that the World may not suffer by his unselfishness, he publishes his *Anerchiaudau ir Llywydd* (Poetical Address to the President), which he would have sung to an accompaniment of a hundred harps. As it is short, he gives it in full:—

Y Morwynig Gwyntoedd.

Hi ddiddleth di ddiddleth ghist katte haw di fiddleth,
Ac kowwe pob gofid y munne,
Fel lliddell doggggg rawd di see glap spwwt,
Ond di pplatt gofid rhosyn di sspnnn
Fy mam, fly man,
O pale ale man am di fly man!

PRIVILEGED PISTOLS.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is rumoured, a few days since, received a deputation of schoolboys home for the holidays, and other young gentlemen delegated to him with a petition that he would propose a bill for the repeal of the duty now demanded for permission to carry a gun.

The foreboy of the memorialists, Master Smithers, in an address premised with "Please Sir," informed the Right Honourable Gentleman of the object of their application. He, and those other fellows, considered the gun-tax an awfully hard impost, he might say imposition—out of school-hours. It denied them a recreation they particularly wanted to enjoy in the holidays, namely, shooting, which was fun for them as good as for Members of Parliament. Shooting was shooting, whether you shot sparrows or grouse. But ten bob duty was more than poor fellows could afford.

Jackson, Junior, asked why, if the tax on firearms was intended to prevent a chap from carrying a gun, it wasn't charged just the same upon pistols? You couldn't look into a daily paper hardly without seeing an account of a murder committed, or somebody or other shot, or shooting himself by accident, with a revolver, or the revolver going off on its own accord, and killing its owner or someone else. Cads and roughs almost all of them carried revolvers, and so it was that burglars went about shooting policemen. If every revolver had to be loaded with a licence, or the firearm-duty were enforced for all firearms, it would save no end of lives. But if that didn't signify, and everybody was to be free to carry a revolver, what use was there in what you might call fining a fellow for leave to carry a gun?



Revolvers.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that his young friends appeared to him to have made out a very good case, not so much for the repeal of the gun-duty as for its extension, if necessary, or at any rate its enforcement, as regarded revolvers, upon which the existing duty might require to be increased to an amount which would effectually limit the possession of those dangerous weapons. Meantime he would consult his colleagues, who, he was assured, would give this question their most serious consideration.

The young gentlemen then gave three groans for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and bolted.

THE MARBLE ARCH.

(A Song for the Season.)

"Can nothing be done for the Marble Arch? . . . London soot-flakes have dealt cruelly with a surface admirably calculated to receive them."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Air—"*I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls.*"

I dreamt that I gazed at the Marble Arch,
King Fog and King Coal at my side,
The soot of November, the dust-storms of March
Had made it a sight to deride.
I said all the foreigners think, I'll be bound,
To our City this thing is a shame;
But I guess 'twill be found, when next Season comes round,
That its state is much the same.

It *does* want a wash, there 's no doubt about that,
For the marble 's a dull, dirty brown;
That is, where it isn't as black as your hat—
Can't they clean it while Swelldom 's from Town?
Marble? Deft Tadema, I will be bound,
Would say 'tis not worthy the name;
But I 'd wager a pound, when next Season comes round,
We shall find it still the same.

EVICTION.

A Woful Ballad of Wimbledon. Air—"*The British Grenadier.*"



Illustrious President. "Now, my Lad, sorry to Inconvenience you, but—hem—ha—you must really go—somewhere else!

Some prate of patriotism, and some of cheap defence,
But to the high official mind that 's all absurd pretence;
For of all the joys of snubbing, there 's none to it *so* dear,
As to snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!

A patriotic Laureate may bid the Rifles form,
And Citizens may look to them for safety in War's storm;
But Secretaries, Dooks, and such at this delight to jeer,
And to snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!

A semi-swell he may be, but he may be a mere clerk,
And he 's an interloper, and to snub him is a lark.
Sometimes he licks the Regulars, and so our duty 's clear,
'Tis to snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!

He hankers for an increase in his Capitation Grant,
It 's like his precious impudence, and have the lift he shan't.
What, make it easier for him to run us close? No fear!
We 'll snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!



IN THE HONEYMOON.

She (*beaming*). "WHAT FIRST ATTRACTED YOU, DEAR? WHAT AGREEABLE CHARACTERISTIC DID I POSSESS TO PLACE ME ABOVE ALL OTHERS IN YOUR SIGHT AND ESTIMATION?"

He. "H-U-M—LE'ME SEE."—(*Ponders.*)—"H-M—OH, DARLING, I GIVE IT UP. CU'IOUS THING, DEAR—I NEVER COULD GUESS WIDDLES!"

He has a fad for Wimbledon, but that is just a whim,
And as eviction 's all the go, we 'll try it upon *him*.
He 's not an Irish tenant, so no one will interfere.
When once more we snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!

His targets and his tents and things are nuisances all round,
As Jerry-Builders, Dooks, and other Toffs have lately found.
Compared with bricks and mortar and big landlords he 's small beer,
So we 'll snub, snub, snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!

The Common 's vastly handy, there 's no doubt, to chaps in town,
And crowds of Cockneys to the butts can quickly hurry down;
But what are *all* Town's Cockneys to one solitary Peer?
No; let us snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!

Your Citizen who wants to play at soldiers need not look
To have his little way as though he were a Royal Dook.
With building-leases—sacred things!—he must not interfere,
So let us snub, snub, snub, snub the British Volunteer!

If he *must* shoot his annual shoot somewhere, why, let him go
To Pirbright or to Salisbury Plain, or e'en to Jericho.
But out from his loved Wimbledon he 'll surely have to clear,—
A final snub, snub, snub, snub to the British Volunteer!

"Room and Verge."

LORD SALISBURY agrees with Lord BEACONSFIELD that Asia is large enough for both Russia and England. Quite so. And unlimited space is large enough for all the galaxies of Worlds,—until two of them want to occupy one portion of it. Then comes Chaos or a Cosmical Boundary Question. The "room enough" theory is a genial one, which would have commended itself to *Uncle Toby*. But it does not carry us practically very far on the road to a settlement. The world was presumably "large enough" to accommodate the ambitions of OCTAVIUS and MARK ANTONY. Only they did not happen to think so. Collision terrestial or celestial does not come from the narrowness of limits, but from the crossing of courses.

CHANGE.

(*A Weather Forecast for the Next Ten Weeks.*)

August 20.—Heavy downpour commences. Thirty-six inches of rain fell in as many minutes. The Clerk of the Weather catches cold.

August 27.—Heavy downpour continues. The entire audience at the Gaiety, being unable to get home without getting drenched, decline to leave the Theatre, and, after a riot, pass the night there, in the face of the protests of the Management.

September 3.—Heavy downpour shows no signs of abating. Several leading Umbrella Manufacturers make rapid fortunes, and are raised to the Peerage.

September 15.—Heavy downpour still continuing, the Serpentine overflows its banks, and runs southwards. Salmon-fishing commences in the Brompton Road.

September 27.—Downpour heavier than ever. The Underground Lines flooded, and the traffic carried on by penny steamers.

October 8.—Downpour steadily continuing, the Albert Hall is opened as a National Swimming Bath, and Battersea Park as a Rice Plantation.

October 19.—Downpour still on the increase. The Hippopotamus from the Zoological Gardens is washed in a torrent down Portland Place, and left high-and-dry on the steps of the Langham Hotel.

October 28.—Downpour as heavy as ever. Gondolas seen in Piccadilly. A well-known Duke endeavouring to drive a bathing-machine in Belgrave Square, upsets it, and is only rescued with difficulty by drags from his own balcony.

November 3.—Downpour still continuing and London being now under water, wild-duck shooting commences in Chancery Lane.

November 9.—Downpour at its height. In consequence of the flooded condition of the Guildhall, the Lord Mayor's banquet is given under a water-proof tent on Primrose Hill, his distinguished guests approaching it across the Regent's Park in coal-barges. Prime Minister, in his speech, commenting upon the weather, describes it "as the worst he ever remembers."

FERDINAND AND ARIEL.

(IN BULGARIA.)

(Shakspeare once again adapted to circumstances.)

Enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing and singing.* FERDINAND *following him.*

Ariel's Song.



COME into Bulgarian Lands,
We stretch our hands;
'Tis a chance not to be miss'd.
When we have kiss'd
Your hand in loyal fealty there,
The Crown's sweet burden you may bear.
Hark! Hark!
Burden. Bow-wow!
[*Dispersedly.*)
Let the Russ bark!
Burden. Bow-wow! (*Dispersedly.*)
Hark, hark! I hear [cleer
The strutting Gallic Chanti-Cry Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Ferdinand. Where should this music be? In th' air, or th' earth?
It sounds once more, and sure it waits upon
My forward footsteps. Sitting all alone,
Musing upon Prince ALEXANDER'S wreck, [awares,
This music crept upon me un-Stirring my hope, and rousing Russia's passion,
With its sweet air. Thence have I followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings:

Full fathom deep BATTENBERG lies,
Of *his* chance chaos is made;
But you 'll see, if you have eyes,
Your hopes ripen as his fade.
You may suffer a great change
Into a young King. Is 't strange?
Fate which rings poor SANDY'S knell
Sounds your coronation bell.
Hark! dost hear it?—ding-dong-dell!
[*Burden.* Ding-dong!

Ferdinand. This ditty doth decoy, yet fright me,—rather.
This is no common chance. A golden crown
Fate proffers me:—I see it,—shall I wear it?
[*Left considering.*

"FINIS CORONAT OPUS."

THE summary given in an evening paper last week of a well-known suit, now happily at an end, is instructive. Four years ago the plaintiff was absolutely without means, and apparently utterly friendless. The man who had wronged her offered her (amongst other infamous actions) a miserable pittance to expatriate herself and to cease to "annoy" him. She called in the assistance of the Press; and now she retires with provision for herself and innocent child, her character re-established, and a sum of money that our grandfathers would have called a "plum." The paper that championed her was plucky, and as the result has proved, in the right. Praise to whom praise is due. Acknowledgment is due to the *P. M. G.*

Happy Thought.

(By an Unhappy Unionist.)

TREVELYAN swears he trusts the Grand Old Man,
And follows him in playing fast and loose.
Well, we have heard of Leda and the Swan,
But here 's a case of Leader and the Goose!

POPULAR EDUCATION.—*Examiner.* Give the meaning of "Hagiology." *Candidate.* Science of Witchcraft.

SALUBRITIES ABROAD.

To those about to travel viâ *Dover and Calais.*—Ask when *The Empress* makes the journey. Something like a boat, and the day our party went by her she did the crossing in the hour, and I won't positively swear it wasn't a minute or so under that time. There's a crossing-sweeper for you! The Empress of the Sea! Mind you it was a fine day, and what I should say would be considered a calm sea, though there were several sufferers.

If not in a hurry—and who can hurry in such weather?—the easiest travelling is by the 11 A.M. from Victoria; admirable *Empress* for the crossing; and a good twenty-five minutes or more for one of the best buffet-luncheons in France. Stay the night in Paris, and off to your Royat, your Aix, or wherever it may be, as early as possible.

At the Paris-Lyon Station, en route for Royat.—Owing to the gentle influence of Colonel WATERS, attached to the L. C. & D. corps in Paris, and to the indefatigable exertions of his lieutenant in uniform, GUSTAV HERLAN, the P. L. & M. Company have consented to put a *lit-salon* carriage on to their day-train as quite an exceptional concession to an invalid, who might be supposed to have thus addressed them:—

Pity the sorrows of a gouty man,
Whose trembling limbs have brought him to your door,
Who asks you to oblige him with—you can—
A simple *lit-salon* and nothing more.

The perfect comfort of this arrangement for a long journey is worth the price including the *supplément*, which I am paying when a cheery voice cries, "Hallo! old chap," and I recognise PULLER, whom I haven't seen for some time. I return his greeting heartily. "You 've got a *coupé reservé?*" he exclaims gleefully, and literally skipping for joy. I never saw a man in such spirits. He is not absolutely young, nearer forty than thirty for example, looking so wonderfully fresh, that turn-down collars and a jacket would suit him perfectly. He is as clean-shaved as a Benedictine Monk or a Low Comedian. He says of himself—he is the waggish companion to whom I alluded in my previous notes—"I am well preserved in high spirits." He insists on paying the extra seat and *supplément*. Cousin JANE (again going to Royat for the Cæsar Baths) says she shall be delighted, and so PULLER is to come with us. Certainly am delighted to see PULLER. Will he have his things brought here? He will, "*à l'instant!*"—he pronounces it "*ar long stong,*" and roars with laughter as if he had delivered himself of the rarest witticism. Then he skips off down the platform, waving an umbrella in one hand and a stick in the other. Suddenly PULLER'S social characteristics all flash across me. I haven't seen him for years, and had forgotten them. I recollect *now*, he is what they call "an inveterate punster," and loves when abroad (though an accomplished linguist) to speak the language of the country in which he may be temporarily sojourning with a strong English accent; it is also a part of his humour to embellish his discourse with English idioms literally translated,—or, *vice versâ*, to give French idioms in colloquial English; so that on the whole his conversational style, when in foreign parts, is peculiar. The impression left in my memory years ago of PULLER, is that he is a wonderfully good-natured fellow unless a trifle puts him out, when he flares up suddenly into red heat; but this is seldom, and he cools down directly if allowed to stand. When he is not in the highest possible spirits he is an agreeable companion, as he can give some interesting, but utterly untrustworthy, information on most subjects, and, when this comes to an end, he falls asleep suddenly,—he does everything suddenly,—but, as I have since ascertained, does not snore. When at his office in London he is the second partner of an eminent firm of Solicitors with a varied and extensive business. For a safe and sound legal opinion in any difficult matter, specially on the Chancery side, there is no one to whom I would sooner go myself, or recommend a friend than JAMES PULLER, of HORLER, PULLER, PULLER (J.), BAKER AND DAYVILLE. For the greater part of the year JAMES PULLER is hard at work, and is gravity itself, except on certain social and festive occasions. But in vacation-time he gives up Law and goes in for Lunacy. "I feel," he says, when he returns, still capering on the platform, this time with his stick in one hand and his hat in the other, "I feel like a school-boy out for a holiday," and, allowing for the difference of age and costume, he looks the character.

Travelling is very tiring; so is rising early in the morning (which is included in the process of travelling) after a night spent in fitful dozing, one's rest being broken by nervous anxiety as to whether the waiter will remember to call one at the cruel hour of 6·30, or not, and determining to be up at that time exactly, and if he doesn't appear punctually, to ring for him to bring the bath and the boots; then preternatural wakefulness, then the drowsiness, then the painful emptiness, then the necessity for extraordinary energy and bustle,—all this fatigues me so much, that when at last I find myself in a comfortable railway-carriage, I sink back, and prepare to make up for the lost sleep of the previous night.

PULLER has been travelling all night right through, yet he is now

as fresh as the proverbial lark. He is smoking. He came up smoking. I am a smoker, but at an early hour on a hot day, and comparatively unbreakfasted, I do not like the smell of the last half-inch of a strong and newish cigar such as PULLER is now smoking. He is sucking at this last morsel of it as if it were the only one he should take (I wish it were) for another month, and as if it went to his heart to part with it.

"Don't you smoke your cigars rather short?" I ask, mildly, by way of a hint.

"No," he replies, quickly; "I smoke them rather long. Had him there, eh?" he says playfully, turning to Cousin JANE, who, I regret to say, encourages him with an appreciative smile. After his fit of chuckles has subsided (in which I do not join), he takes off his hat *à la française*, and addresses himself to Cousin JANE.

"If Madame does not oppose herself to that I shall smoke."

JANE graciously returns, "Oh dear no, I do not mind smoke," which isn't at all what I want her to say on this occasion. PULLER throws away what is left of his cigar, and, producing an enormous case, offers me what he calls "a beauty,"—very big, very dark one, with a bit of red and gold paper wrapped round its middle, as if it were in a delicate state of health and might suffer from rheumatism,—but I decline it, saying pointedly, "I can't stand smoking so early, and before breakfast."

"Oh," he returns in an offhand manner, "can't you? I can smoke any time, it doesn't affect *me*. Besides, I had a first-rate breakfast at the fork, and spoon too, at the buffet,"—he pronounces this word as written in English—this is his fun (*i.e.*, the fun of a high-spirited Solicitor on a holiday), and forthwith he lights the big cigar, changes his seat so as to face us both, and then commences a conversation about all sorts of things, seasoned with his jokes and comic French, at which he laughs himself uproariously, and appeals to me to know if it, whatever the joke may be, "Wasn't bad, was it?" And when I beg him to spare some of his witticisms, as he'll want them for the friends he's going to meet at Royat—(thank Heaven, he *is* going to meet friends!)—he only says, "Oh, there's lots more where these came from," and off he goes again. Fortunately he turns to Cousin JANE, and instantly I close my eyes, and pretend to be overcome by fatigue. If JANE is wise she will do the same. JANE is tired, but tolerant.

Finding that neither of us is up to much talking (I have inadvertently opened an eye) he says, "Look here, I'll show you my travelling-bag," as if it was something to amuse children. This delights him immensely. He opens it and explains its compartments, tells how he shaves, what soap he uses, how he invented a peculiar pomade for travelling, and how he had thought out this bag and had everything made to fit into its place. He takes out everything, brushes, combs, razors, glass-pots, knives, brushes, one after the other, expatiating on their excellence as if he were a pedlar anxious to do a deal, and we were his casual, but likely, customers. Then finding our interest waning, he shuts it up, and saying that the best of travelling in a *lit-salon* is that you can stretch your legs, he forthwith begins capering, asks JANE if he mayn't have the pleasure of the next waltz and so forth, until fortunately, he discovers the secret of the seat which pulls out and becomes a bed, and is so struck with the idea that he exclaims, "By Jove! this is first-rate! pillows, mattresses, everything! I've never slept in one of these! I haven't been to bed all night. You don't mind my taking forty winks—do you?"

O dear no—take eighty if he likes.

"Ah, then," he says in broken English, "I go to couch myself. I salute you the good morning, Mister and Missis. I have well envy of to sleep." And thank goodness in another minute the high-spirited Solicitor is fast asleep, and *not* snoring.

Then we all drop off. At Montargis he awakes, breakfasts at the buffet: we breakfast in our *salon*. He returns, puffing another cigar, stronger and bigger than the previous one: but smoking yields to sleeping and his high spirits become less and less. After his second or third sleep he becomes hungry. The train is late. He becomes hungrier and hungrier. Again he smokes; but his cigars are dwindling in size and growing paler in colour. He calculates when the hour of dinner will be. He foresees that it will not be till past eight and we breakfasted at eleven. Hunger has deprived him of all his jokes, all his high spirits; he is hopelessly depressed, and preserves an almost sullen silence till we reach Clermont-Ferrand, when the sight of the Commissionnaire of the Hôtel Continental slightly restores him, and as we get into the Omnibus he whispers to me feebly, "I say, let's cry '*Vive* BOULANGER!'"

I beg him to hold his tongue, or the police will be down on him. I fancy this warning has its effect, in his present state of hunger, as he limits himself to whispering out of the window to any passer-by who happens to be in uniform, "*Vive* BOULANGER!" but I am bound to say, nobody hears him, so finding the fun of the jest exhausted within the first ten minutes, he drops it, and once more collapses, shakes his head wearily over his wretched state, and expresses in pantomime how he is dying for something to eat. JANE and myself recognise Clermont-Ferrand and draw one another's attention to all points of interest, more or less incorrectly. Then, after noticing how familiar all the land-marks seem *en route*, we find we have been taken by a different road from the one we used to travel in order to avoid the dust.

Ha! Here is Doctor REM. Welcome to Royat! Same rooms. New Proprietor, but same Hotel in effect, it is the Continental. M. HALL, of what nationality I do not know, exerts himself to see that everything shall be right for everybody who has just arrived. There are several others by this train, all requiring special and individual attention, and all, somehow, getting it. New faces, but civility and readiness to oblige everywhere. The weather perfect!—perhaps a trifle too perfect. But Royat is high up, and, if it is hot here, what must it be down below at Vichy or at Aix! Dinner in the Restauration of the Hotel, where we pant for air because other visitors, chiefly French, of advanced years and in various stages of "The Cure," will not allow a door or window to be opened. We finish dinner, and hurry off for our coffee in the garden of the Casino Samie. End of first day.

P.S.—I said last week I could not find the English newspapers in the reading-room of the Cercle. I have since seen them, *Times* and *Telegraph*. But the only one sold outside is apparently the *Morning Post*. Lord SALISBURY is coming.

THE INSURER'S PHRASE-BOOK.

THERE is no truth in the report that a whole Brigade of Firemen and Sixteen Fire-engines are now permanently encamped in Kensington Gardens Square, and that Captain SHAW is about to take furnished lodgings in the immediate neighbourhood of Westbourne Grove.



Excitement at Pad-inked-on.

No, those men walking up and down the shop and eying everybody suspiciously are not shop-walkers, as you suppose. Four of them are detectives, with orders summarily to arrest any customer who looks at all like an incendiary, and the others are disguised Firemen.

I don't quite know what you mean by speaking of a "holocaust" in connection with the recent disastrous conflagration which destroyed five whole streets and a hundred lives, but no doubt the cost *will* be enough to make anybody holloa!

"Why have we to hire a boat to take us from the garden-gate to our front-door?" Oh, because five million gallons of water were poured down our street by the Fire-Brigade men the day before yesterday, and the Main Drainage system is only equal to removing a few gallons at a time.

Naturally the Water Companies have taken advantage of this state of things to suggest to householders that, as they have so much water in their cellars, they can do without any in their cisterns, and to announce therefore that the supply will be discontinued for a week.

Is it a fact that Insurance Premiums in Bayswater now vary in proportion to the distance from Westbourne Grove?

How curious that "two huge columns of fire" should produce at least half a dozen equally huge columns of print!

No, as you say, this wall-paper is not pretty, and walking on hard concrete-floors is a little unpleasant at first; but then, you see, they are both absolutely incombustible.

The Fire-engine in the Hall is certainly a little in the way of the servants; but then what a comfort it is to feel that with this precaution, *and* powerful hydrants laid on to each floor, *and* sleeping in fire-proof beds with one's clothes on, *and* having an outside iron stair-case to each window in the house, we really *are* pretty safe against the next conflagration, in spite of the fact that we live just opposite a Universal Provider!

THE PRIVATE BANKER'S PÆAN.

(*Some way after Shakspeare.*)

I KNOW a Bank whereto the poor man goes.
If there too quickly his deposit grows,
I fancy *our* Monopoly may decline,
No, no, at Thirty Pounds we 'll draw the line,
Nor let the Artisan, however thrifty,
In the Post-Office pile an annual Fifty.
We 've floored them this time after a good fight,
Government yields, to our extreme delight.
We Private Banks are saved, by our teeth's skin.
If they the thin end of the wedge slip in,
By Jove, they 'll open wide the public eyes,
And smash up all our snug Monopolies.

AN AMUSEMENT SCARCELY LIKELY TO BE POPULAR WITH CHILDREN.—The Switchback.



LONGING FOR A NEW SENSATION.

Jack (a Naughty Boy, who is always in disgrace, and most deservedly). "I say, Effie, do you know what I should like? I should like to be accused of Something I'd never done!"

FIRE AND WATER.

(With Apologies to the Shades of the Authors of "Rejected Addresses.")

The Fire Fiend was curst with unquenchable thirst,
And his gnomes to his aid having beckoned,
From Cornhill to Clapham he flew at a burst,
And furious flames soon arose from the first,
And volumes of smoke from the second.

The Fire Fiend was hungry as Moloch of old,
And knew not the meaning of pity.
The new *Edax Rerum;* voraciously bold,
His maw a red gulf that was ready to hold
The calcined remains of a City.

That Phlegethon-gorge might have served as the grave
Of man and his works altogether;
But Shaw, the new Life-guardsman, sword-less but brave,
Was ever at hand to extinguish and save,
And hold the Red Ogre in tether.

The Fire Fiend as usual went at full pelt,
But Shaw at his heels followed faster,
Of leather well tanned were Shaw's boots and his belt,
And his helmet was brazen for fear it should melt,
And the Fire Demon knew him as master.

The Fire Fiend possessed a most hideous phiz,
Polyphemus's was not more horrid,
Unkempt and unwashed was that visage of his,
For water that touched it went off with a whiz!
It *was* so tremendously torrid.

But Shaw on his enemy kept a cool eye,
Of vigilant valour the symbol,
Affrighted no more by the Fire Demon's cry
Than the squeak of a rat; if the Fire Fiend was spry,
His opponent was equally nimble.

For Water, Fire's foe, at his best freely flows,
And the Fire Demon dares not to linger
Whenever his enemy turns on the hose;
He stands in much fear of this foeman and those
Who flock at the lift of his finger.

The Fire Fiend has schemes, it is credibly said,
For laying half London in ashes;
But Water—and Shaw—are the things he must dread,
And at sight of an engine he shakes his red head,
And his teeth like a lunatic gnashes.

But his fire-gnomes he multiplies lately so fast
That the task of repressing them 's trying;
The flare that they make and the heat that they cast
Are so great that the Fiend seems resolved in one blast
To set the Metropolis frying.

He blazes and blazes; Shaw gallops to snatch
His prey from its desperate danger;
But the Demon's a deuce of a rider to catch,
And it taxes brave Shaw to continue a match
For the fiery noctivagant ranger.

And if London is wise she assistance will call,
For the Water King needs the alliance
Of hands that are sturdy and limbs that are tall,
To give the Fire Demon a rattling good fall,
And set all his imps at defiance.

How often his fiery flame-banner outrolled
O'er London our bosoms has shaken!
The Water King never relaxes his hold,
But many a time, if the truth must be told,
We have just, only *just*, saved our bacon.

The Fire-Fiend 's a foe of redoubtable might,
And it takes a stout fighter to floor him;
Yet, in spite of his flames, the ignipotent sprite
Has been licked up to now by our fire-quelling knight,
Who strides so triumphantly o'er him.

Look! look! 'tis our Water-King; doesn't he stand
Like Michael, o'ercoming the Dragon?
Oh! champion braver than he and his band
Of brazen-helmed heroes ne'er fought hand to hand,
Or emptied a flask or a flagon.

His sword is an axe, and his spear is a hose,
But Paladins famous in story
For gallantest charges and swashingest blows,
Though demons and dragons they met as their foes
Were ne'er more deserving of glory.

Back, lurid in air, for another regale,
The Fire-Fiend who 's down but not settled,
With fresh bellowsed flame will return without fail,
And help to oppose him he 'll thankfully hail
Our Water-King manly and mettled.

He is down, but not dead, and his dreadful red head
He again will be lifting to-morrow.
'Tis Hydrant 'gainst Hydra, and shall it be said
That for lack of assistance this demon so dread
Shall doom the great City to sorrow?

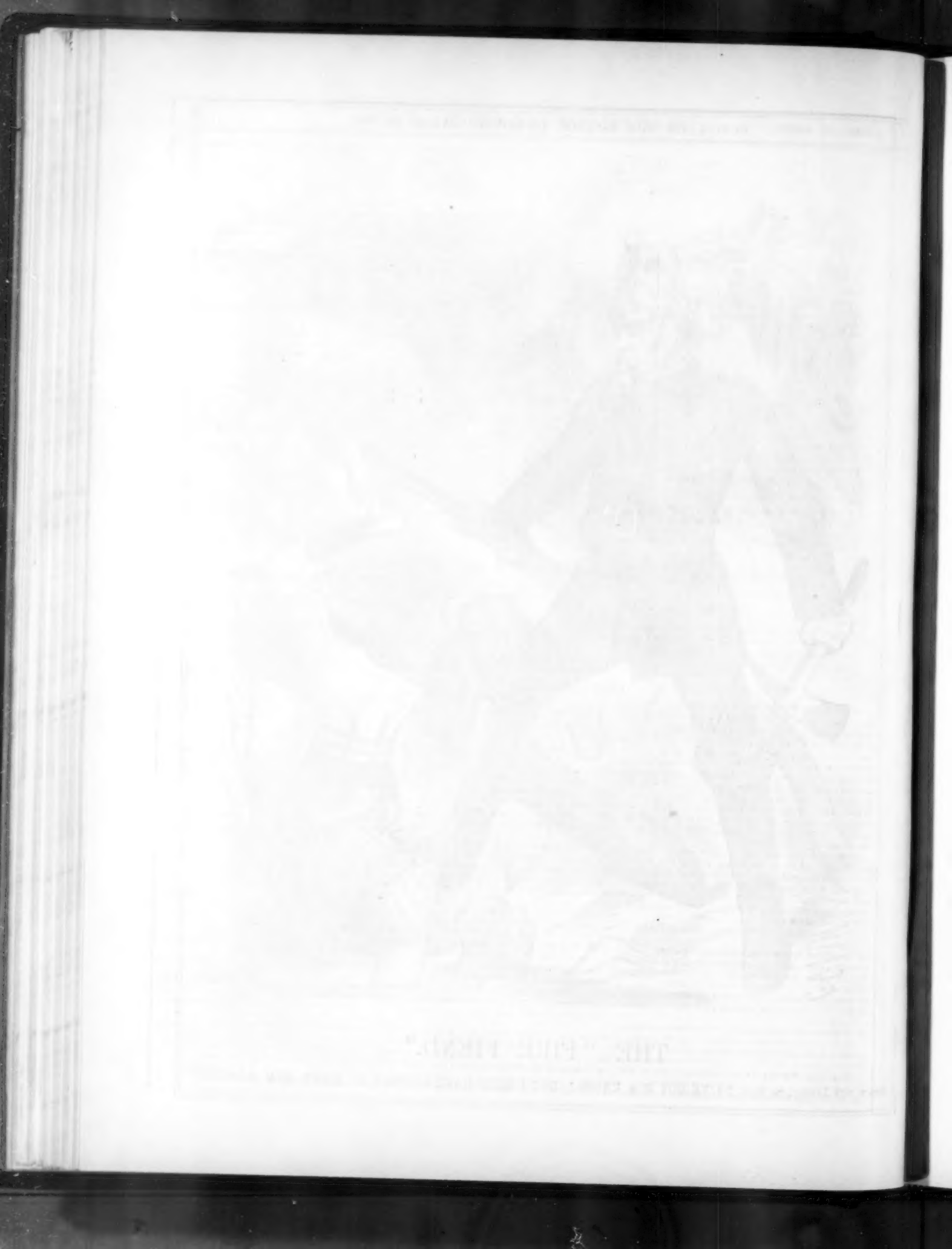
This fierce All-devourer is hungry as Time,
And would wolf all the world as food-fuel.
A champion we have—is his pose not sublime?—
And so let us help him—to fail were a crime—
To give the Fire Demon his gruel.

Fierce tyrant is Fire, and his foes are too few
For a Fiend so alert and so furious,
Would London be safe, gallant Shaw and his crew
She must manfully back, and she 'll find it won't do
In this instance to be too penurious.



THE "FIRE FIEND."

Shaw the Lifeguard Man. "I'VE GOT HIM UNDER!—BUT I MUST HAVE SUPPORT TO *KEEP HIM DOWN!!*"





DISTRIBUTION.

Robert (to stingy Old Gent, who had given him a Halfpenny). "You 'll 'xcuse me, Sir—but—would you mind—ah—makin' it a Penny, Sir—which we has to divide it—'mongst the other Waiters, Sir!"

ROBERT AT THE MINISTERIAL BANKWET.

Her Majesty's Ministers, so far as I understands these sollem matters, don't seam to have been having a particklar cumferal time of it lately. Brown, who 's quite a grate Pollytishun, or at any rate thinks hisself so, which I spose is pritty much the same thing, says, in his wulgar way, as they have been and had 2 or 3 slaps in the face lately as has a good deal staggered 'em, but in course he was ony speaking paragorically, as the chymists says, so I don't suppose as they was werry much hurt by 'em, and they most suttenly didn't show not no sines of 'em when, on Wensday last, they all marched in in triumph to receeve from the Rite Honnerabel the Lord Mare the proud assurance that in his Rite Honnerabel opinion, and in that of the Grand Old Copperashun over witch he so royally presides, they had nobly done their dooty, and well herned the werry hiest reward as he had it in his power to bestow, wiz., a reel Manshun Ouse Bankwet!

Praps if there was one of the werry Noble and Rite Honnerabel Gestes as didn't look quite at his hease, it was the forren Gent as is the Chancelleller of the Xchecker, and in course that 's werry heasily accounted for. Weather men bes Tories, or weather they be Libberals, they all likes men as sales strait and sticks to their cullers, and, if it 's posserbel, nales 'em to the Marst, and never ewen dreams of hawling 'em down cos the weather 's a looking jest a little dusty. Howsumever these sollem thorts ain't quite the thing for such reel jowial Bankwets as that of Wensday, so I banishes 'em hence without no blessing.

The grate Conserwatif Cheefs seemed to thorowly enjoy the change, and to sum on 'em it must have bin a change indeed. Tork about Conserwatifs not liking change, how about changing the Ouse of Commons, with their spessimens of the Wulgar Tung, and their most rude questions, and their imperent mocking larfter, for the splendid Manshun Ouse, and its gorgeous Bankwet, and sitch an arty recepshun from onered Aldermen and uncommon Councilmen as amost broke sum of the new wine-glasses with shaking!

Punctually as the sillybrated Manshun Ouse Clock struck harf-past seven the Prime Minister hentered the Hall, so there was no Hed Cook a cussing and a swearing in the hot regions below at his *Chef-doovers* being spylt with waiting. It was a speshally fine dinner, the Petty Gallatins o' aspect, and the Wenson, being about the finest as ever I ever tasted.

The pore Epping Forest Depputy got pretty well charfed about where the Wenson came from, but he bore it like a man, and arsked for another slice. I was pleased to notice a great improvement in the way as the sacred Loving Cup was passed round, speshally among the Marshonesses and Cowntesses, there wasn't above 2 or 3 on 'em as wood grasp it with their bootiful little wite hands insted of gracefoolly taking off the cover and showing off their dimond rings wen it was hoffered to 'em.

As for the speeches, I thinks as the Lord Mare has about spylt us in that respec. His is allers short and sharp, and spoken out like a man, but most of the others was so slow and so dredfull careful, and so preshus long, that Brown and me both agreed as they was amost sollum enuff for poor Ministers as is out, rayther than for jolly Ministers as is in.

We was all werry much shocked, speshally us Hed Waiters, at hearing from the Lord Mare as how as sumbody at Gildhall had said as all militerry men was Imposters, and all naval men Tom Fools! But the Fust Lord of the Admiralty gave it him pretty hot in his absense, and said if as any tomfoolery was a goin on anywheres he knew who 'd be a taking the lead in it! So Sir Wilfull Lawson will probberbly be a leetle more carefuller in future.

Lord Sorlsbury made a werry long speech, but all I coud make out of it was two rayther himportant fax. Fustly, that there isn't to be no grate Uropean War until after the 9th of nex Nowember, so I feels rayther sorry for pore Mr. Alderman De Keyser, and Seccondly, that if there is to be one anywheres, it will werry possibly be too near home to be pleasant, which I for one was werry sorry to hear, but I hardly thort that he meant it or he would not have made us all larf so by telling us, that the Members of the Ouse of Commons treated it like we men does our wives, that is, we has our own opinion on 'em in private, but we don't allow not nothink to be said against 'em in Public. Ah! my Lord Markiss, how one touch of Natur makes us all kings! Who 'd ever have thort that a werry Prime Minister would have been troubled with a similar complaint to that as so offen trubbles a pore Hed Waiter.

Mr. Goshen apollergised for the absense of the pore 1st Lord of the Tresury, who was quite nocked up with setting up so late.

And so ended the last of the long seris of grand Bankwets of the rain of Lord Mare Hanson, a seris to be rememberd for many long years by all on us, as combining with all the reglar old lot, such a wariety of noveltys to all sorts and condishuns of sillybrated persons, as has never bin ekalled afore, and as will and down his name to a werry remote posteriority as Hanson the Magnifisent!

Robert.

CHANNEL TALK.

(*Echoes from the Naval Manœuvres.*)

"What they 're at I can't guess,"
Observes Dungeness,
"Then the plan you've not read,"
Responds Beachy Head,
"Fremantle went right on:
I saw him," says Brighton,
"Oh, that 's all my eye!"
Ejaculates Rye,
"Well, he came down my way,"
Remarks Pegwell Bay,
"Yes, and Hewett 's his target;
That 's quite clear," adds Margate,
"It seems silly to me,"
Sneers Westgate-on-Sea,
"Humph! I think it quite real:
That I do!" replies Deal,
"And they think so on shore,"
Says the Light at the Nore,
"Well, now it 's all over.
Thank goodness!" says Dover.



Any Port in a Storm.

A Note full of Gaiety.—*Loyal Love*, the new piece at the Gaiety, requires a little compression. If the Authoress would only reduce it to one Act, and have that single scene supplied with a few catchy songs, there really is no reason why it should not serve some day as a very effective *lever de rideau* at the Savoy, as a capital foil to a Comic Opera. For the rest, Mrs. Basil Potter has greatly improved, Mr. Willard is (as usual) excellent, but the remainder of the company are unimportant. Scenery good, and dresses adequate.



"ZINGS VUN VOOT RÅHZER HAF LEFT OONZET!"

Herr Wohlgemuth. "ACH, YA! YOU MUST HAF HAT A FERRY COOT MASTER! YOUR FOICE HAS *LASTET* SO VUNDERFOLLY LONG!"

A BALLADE OF THE HOUSE.

(*Sung apologetically at a recent Banquet.*)

"You do not know the number of muzzled Ciceros who are sitting in the House of Commons, men who have come from the constituencies conscious of their power, anxious to render service to the State."—*Mr. Goschen at the Mansion House.*

WHAT if garrulity be rife,
And what if bald debate,
Spun out in empty Party strife,
Has sealed the Session's fate!
What if the tap-room jest has sped,
And hot retort has stirred,
While threats to punch a Member's head
Have been distinctly heard!
Ah, what?—If but the House disclose
A score of Muzzled Ciceros!

What if things are not as they were
Some twenty years ago;
And manners that might make one stare
Are now thought *comme il faut*;
What if the tongue of Billingsgate,
The grace of Seven Dials,
Now modestly subserve the State?
There 's one at them who smiles,'
And points to where there sit in rows
A score of Muzzled Ciceros!

NAUTICAL SUPERSTITION.—Mr. DAVID JONES, of the Welsh Mercantile Marine, Shipowner, proposed to call a vessel recently completed the *Eisteddfod*. A Saxon seaman objected to that as an unlucky name, because any ship so denominated would be sure to spring a leek.

All the Difference.

"Every Poet hates to be called 'Mr.'"—*Globe.*

FORMALITY sometimes is Scorn's twin sister—
The prefix to the Poet means disaster;
But though no Bard would be addressed as "Mister,"
How they all love to be addressed as "Master!"

WHY HE WENT.

SOME doubts having been expressed in influential quarters as to the genuine character of the Manifesto alleged to have been recently put forth to the European Powers by Prince FERDINAND on his entry into Bulgaria, the following, whatever subsequent changes may have been diplomatically introduced into it prior to publication, may be confidently regarded as an authentic transcript of that document in its original form.

To the Crowned Heads of Europe, and others whom it does or does not concern, greeting, &c.

Be it known to those who have been interested in, and somewhat mystified by our recent movements, that we, FERDINAND THE FIRST, by the voice of the Regents, and the will of the Great Sobranje, elected Monarch of Bulgaria, wishing to make clear and explain why that we, having originally held aloof from any idea of acceptance of the post, and even having snubbed the Deputation who came to offer it to us in the name of the Bulgarian people, have apparently at the eleventh hour, to the exasperation of Russia, the consternation of the Porte, the indifference of Germany, the annoyance of Austria, the chagrin of France and the hearty amusement of England, suddenly turned round, and accompanied by a small portmanteau and a suite of two, accepted the situation and started on a penny steam-boat for Sofia, wish to make statement as follows:—

Having discovered upon inquiry that the palace required re-papering and was sadly out of repair, with both gas and water-rates seven quarters in arrear, while it appeared that both the throne and crown would have to be hired, and possibly only a lame omnibus horse available for our use at the Coronation procession, and taking in regard the fact that no guarantee was forthcoming that our allowance from the Civil List would touch anything like £150 a-year, we at first reluctantly decided, spite its undeniably flattering nature, to decline the offer so spontaneously made to us. And we conveyed as much to the delegates who received the news crestfallen, and were about to depart in sulky silence when a telegram arrived from Sofia of such an encouraging and startling description, that it seemed, to us at least, to put the question in an entirely fresh and original light, and in one that we felt might make us waver in our determination. It simply announced the fact that the Government, never doubting of our acceptance of the crown, had already taken the bull by the horns, and ordered *at a local Ready-Made Clothing Establishment a complete brand-new Uniform* for us to wear the moment we set our foot on Bulgarian soil. "Buttons and all?" we asked. "Buttons and all!" was the reply. This gracious and patriotic, and quite unexpected act profoundly touched us. Indeed, it decided us; and when it was further intimated to us that *the bill would not be sent in to us*, but go to increase the deficit in the forthcoming Budget, we did not hesitate, but accepted the full responsibilities of the situation, and informed the Deputation that, spite the hostile attitude of Europe, we would go to Sofia, and at least "try it on."

Thus, and for this reason, we have started on our venturesome journey, whether or not to a successful issue the future alone can show. We have, however, made provision for emergency, and stipulated that, in the event of any sudden revolution obliging us to scuttle back again over the frontiers post haste, the uniform in question shall be regarded as our own personal property, and not be liable to be claimed as a royal perquisite, and altered to fit our possible successor. This, then, is the true statement of the reason that has induced us to assume the recent attitude that we have felt constrained to take in the face of the European Powers, concerning whom we may add, in conclusion, that their laughter if they are amused, or their howling if they are angered, are at the present moment equally matters of supreme indifference to us.

(*Signed*) FERDINAND, *Prince Elect of Bulgaria.*



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, August 8.—Curious debate in Lords. As everyone knows, GEORGE RANGER has given notice to Volunteers that some of his tenants in neighbourhood of Wimbledon object to the assembling of Camp, and so the tents must be struck. As Commander-in-Chief, GEORGE RANGER is, of course, specially solicitous for the prosperity and convenience of the great and singularly cheap adjunct to regular forces. But as between a landlord's interest and a patriot-soldier's sentiments sentiment must take back seat. Nice thing to talk about in after-dinner speeches, and at opening of Bazaars; but, GEORGE RANGER regrets to say, quite another pair of sleeves in actual life. So Camp must be struck.

To-night WEMYSS brings on Motion deprecating contemplated procedure. Removal of the Camp, he said amid cheers, would be "nothing short of a national calamity." Would endanger progress if not existence of Volunteer movement. Dook behaved most nobly. Declared with tear in his voice that he would not be obstacle to free course of debate. Lest Peers of England should be awed by his presence when discussing matter of "national interest," G. R. would withdraw, which he did! Noble Lords made free use of their liberty. WANTAGE who, fresh from his command at Wimbledon, knows all about it, deplored the contingency. SPENCER effectively brought the ultimate ends of his left-hand whisker to witness that driving-out of Volunteers from Camp would be "a public disaster." HARRIS hinted, on behalf of Government, that British tax-payer might somehow be brought into this domestic disturbance, of course with hand in breeches-pocket. Might indemnify GEORGE RANGER against loss real or imaginary, and so keep Camp for Volunteers.

House of Commons at the moment just entered Committee of Supply, pricked up its ears as rumour reached it. Sage of Queen Anne's Gate observes that, by merciful dispensation of providence rare in this direction, Lords cannot vote money in relief of Royal Dukes or otherwise, and Commons may have something to say about Wimbledon when question brought before it. *Business done.*—Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—Lords adjourned at 5·40 this afternoon. Peers left House as if bomb had exploded. Only ROSEBERY giving notice that early next Session he will "call attention to constitution of House of Peers, and move Resolution." Peers of older creation, like BRABOURNE, shocked; whilst Old Mother HUBBARD—only just picked up a bargain set of robes, nearly new—very uneasy.

"These young Radicals," said BRABOURNE, adjusting his ill-fitting coronet, "never satisfied. Must always be bringing themselves to front, and reform everything. Why not leave our sacred House to itself. ROSEBERY, everybody knows, yearns after the Commons, an institution which I believe is situated in some parts of this building. I, for one, very glad to get rid of him. Will undertake, if I can get support (which I don't doubt), to bring in Bill, legalising ROSEBERY'S dismantling himself, and his being qualified to sit in the Commons." HUBBARD (forget his new name) offers to back the Bill. "Yes," said BRABOURNE, "that will do admirably. You'll stand for new Peers, and so whole House will be represented. Impossible that we, of the Ancient Peerage, can brook impertinence of this kind."

In Commons sitting impartially divided between Scotch votes in Supply, and Technical Education Bill, explained by Hart-Dyke. Hard to say which division duller. Scotch debate lightened by rather massive joke of proposing to reduce salary of Secretary for Scotland by £1,000. Unanimous protest of Scotch Members against this office being held by Member of House of Lords. If there was £1,500 to be pouched, why should not representative of the people have it, instead of being lavished upon bloated member of the aristocracy? Things looked so serious, that Lord Advocate put up to beg that Members be satisfied with discussion as far as it had gone, promising opportunity for renewal to-morrow, when (though didn't mention this) care will be taken to have present force strong enough to resist raid on Scotch office. Proposal unsuspiciously assented to.



Earl Sp-nc-r introduces Incontrovertible Argument.

Business done.—Supply.

Wednesday.—A night wi' Burns. A good drizzling Scotch mist from noon till Six o'Clock. Scotch Lunacy, Sheriff of Lanarkshire, Secretary for Scotland, Scotch Technical Instruction Bill were among subjects dealt with. Might have been going on now had not one of the Scotch Members, feeling his brain softening, moved the Closure. Old Morality woke up from his sleep in condition of righteous indignation. Here was audacity, indeed! An obscure Scotch Member presuming to poach on his preserves, to interfere with his sacred privilege of moving Closure! Began in tones of mingled sorrow and anger to protest. Speaker interposed. Reminded him that Closure motion could not be debated. Must be put forthwith. So done. Flood of talk stopped. Bill under discussion read Second Time, and Old Morality led out, pallid and palpitating.

Lord Advocate coming back from visiting him, finds passage obstructed by Arthur Balfour. Shall he jump over, or crawl under? Either difficult on August day for a stout gentleman. So whispers across barricade that "Smith's much cut up," and sits down on hither side.



"Obstruction!"

Business done.—All Scotch.

Thursday.—Very small attendance in Commons. Considerably over forty remain on Opposition Benches to support Sage of Queen Anne's Gate's demand for Adjournment, in order to discuss cost and consequences of Drummond Wolff's pic-nic in the East. Soon as gained consent, general exodus, and Sage cheerfully chats across deserted floor with Goschen, who takes incessant notes. John Dillon, who, what with intolerable interposition of Scotland yesterday, has not made speech since Tuesday, breaks in and shows that, next to Ireland, Egypt is most distressful country that ever yet was seen. Conversation drags along till after Ten o'Clock, when it dies of sheer inanition. Then Government Allotment Bill on. Harcourt makes discovery that it promises only one acre and no cow at all. Goschen hauled up again to whipping-post. Taunted with sudden conversion to principle of compulsion. True, didn't like compulsion. Had always said so, but "impossible for a single member of a Government to carry out his views on every point;" whereat Opposition grinned.

Business done.—Allotments Bill read Second Time.

Friday.—Some sensation in moderately crowded House at Question Time, when report ran round Benches that Sir John Pulleston, Knight, was approaching. Slight reaction of disappointment when he entered. Vague, though prevalent notion, he'd come down in knightly costume, with vizor down (or up, as the case may be), armed "cap and pie," as Gent-Davis says, with lance in rest, and Squire in attendance. On contrary, lounged in just as if nothing had happened, with slightly preoccupied look and little start of surprise when congratulated on honour Government had done itself. "Oh! ah! yes! Know what you mean. Thanks. It's very hot, ain't it?" he said, making way through throng of congratulators. "Clywch! Clywch!" roared Abraham, humorously looking over newspaper announcing Knighthood.



"Clywch! Clywch!"

"What's the matter with you?" I asked. "What are you clucking about?"

"I was only coughing in my native tongue," he said. "Clywch! Clywch!"

Various reasons suggested why Pulleston made Knight just now. Howard Vincent says it's because he's the only Member for English borough that can pronounce the word "Eisteddfod," and knows the plural isn't "Eisteddfods. Whatever the reason, everyone heartily pleased. The new Knight, they say, will keep his own Table Round. Dean's Yard, Eight o'Clock. Dress optional.

Business done.—Row about Lords' Amendments to Irish Land Bill.

LAWFUL (?) LATITUDE.

As "cross examination to credit," has recently been considerably developed by certain members of the legal profession, the following questions are suggested to students studying for call to the Bar, or admission to the roll of Solicitors, as likely to be peculiarly conducive to qualification.

To a Bishop.—When your Lordship was at school were you ever flogged? Will you swear it was not for committing petty larceny? Did you ever in your life steal an apple? When at the University were you ever sent down? Will you undertake to say that you have never been drunk? When you were two-and-twenty years of age did you ever swear or use profane language? Remember you are on your oath, my Lord, and answer this—will you dare to assert that you have never in the whole course of your life been guilty of conduct that had it been brought to light would not have been a proper theme for denunciation from your Lordship's own pulpit?

To a General.—Now, Sir, have you ever been accused of cowardice? Is it not a fact that some little time before you obtained your first commission you were known as "Tell-tale Tit"? Will you swear you have never been guilty of cheating? As a matter of fact, did you not frequently get a comrade to do your verses at Eton, and then allow your tutor to believe that you had written them yourself? Had a brother-General been guilty of such a crime, would you have not been forced to admit that it was conduct unworthy of an officer and a gentleman? As an expert in defining a standard of honour, will you venture to say that there is any difference in the degree of shame attaching to construing with a concealed crib and cheating at cards?

To a Queen's Counsel.—Now, Sir, will you——

But no, it will be unnecessary to prepare any questions for a Barrister, as *he* will know how to protect himself from insult.

At Low Water Mark.—The Channel Tunnel.

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LORD LYTTON.

J. C. ENO, Esq., *Queen's Head Hotel, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 4th June*, 1877.

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